

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 5
JUN - JULY

LN



10¢

MAD

YOU SAY YOU
LOST YOUR VOICE
AND YOU WANT ME TO
FIND IT?... **AT LAST
AN EXCITING
CASE!**

KANE KEEN
PRIVATE
EYE

BILL ELDER



THE
(EC)
"PUBLISHER
OF THE
ISSUE"
WILLIAM M.
GAINES
ALIAS MELVIN

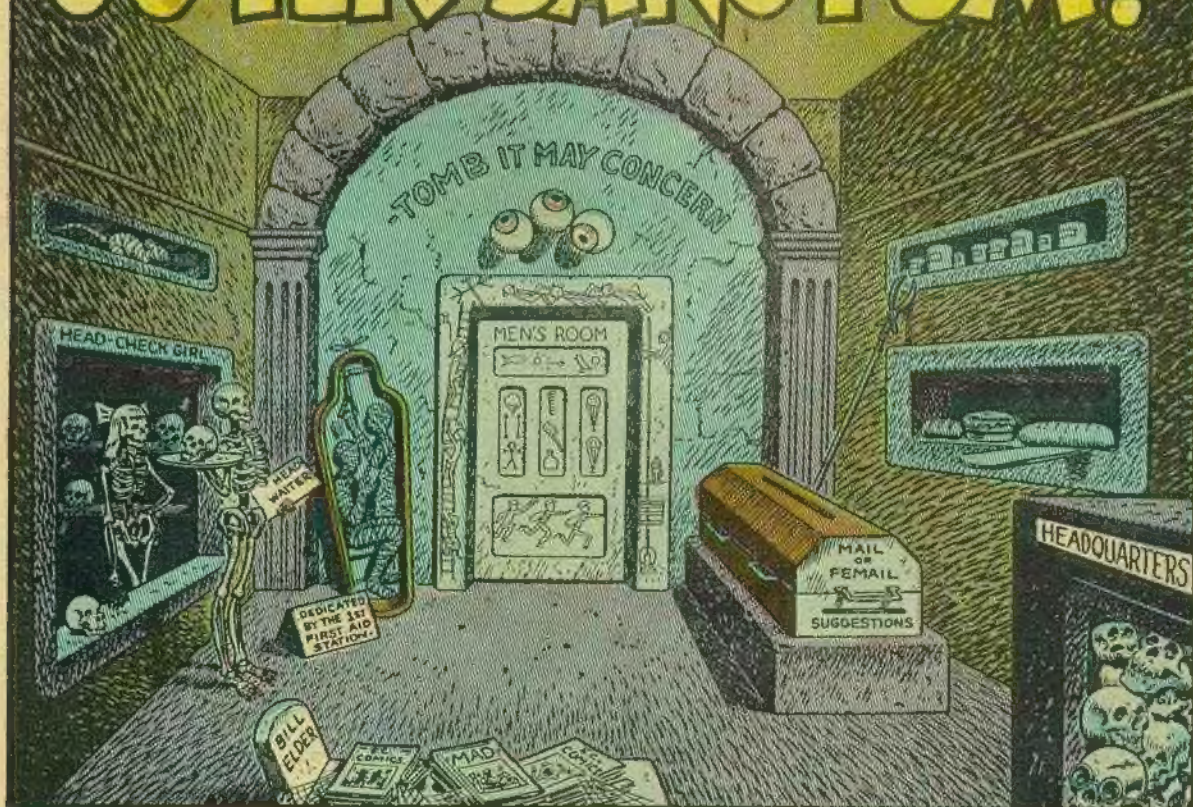


William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don' care if it don't gotta plot! I don' care if it don't got grammar! I don' care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get into every story *sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes*, and all the rest of that *esoterica* what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

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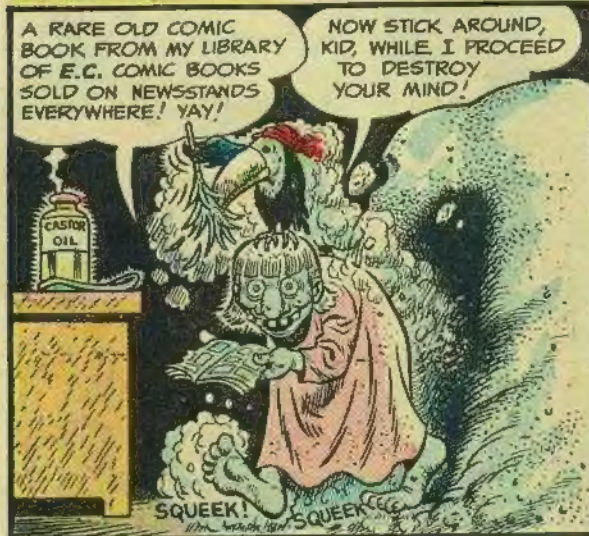
HORROR DEPT.: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! GET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY **DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY!** FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... STRANGE THINGS...TO YOU...TO YOUR MIND!...FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE ...

OUTER SANCTUM!



SQUEEEEEE

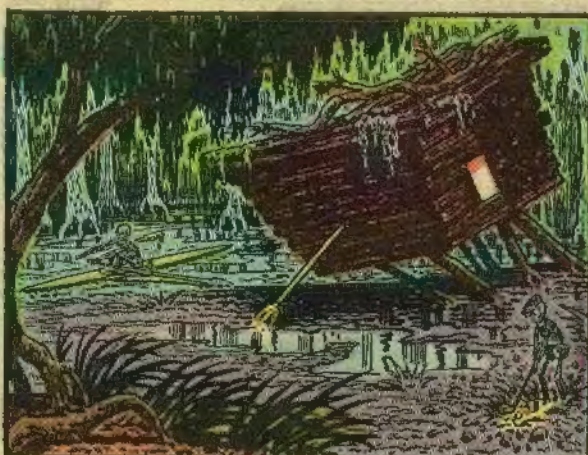
CONT. IN UED.



...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!



OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE...LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!

YES...A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!

...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

WORKED AGAINST TIME...NOW THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE! THE MIXTURE WAS READY!



DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...

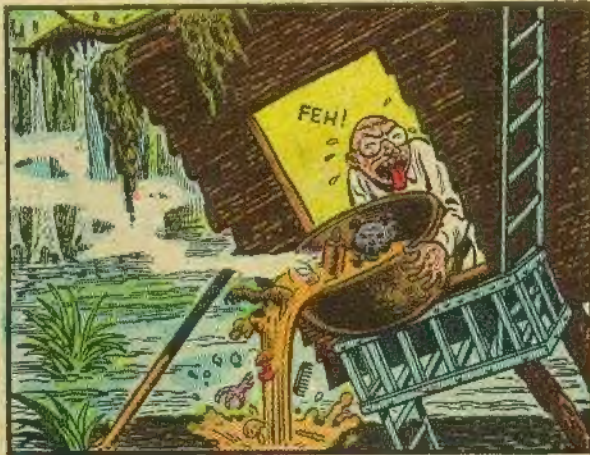
...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE...A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!



AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'



SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFEN-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKNOFEE!

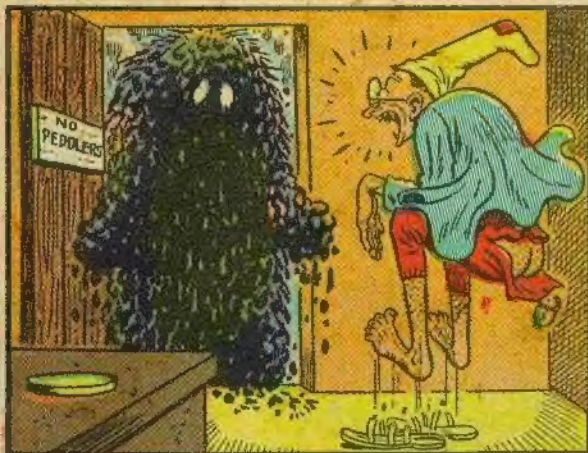


...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!

GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... HEAP!



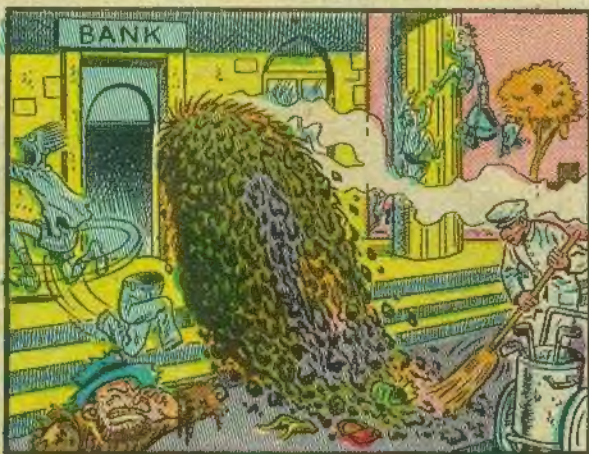
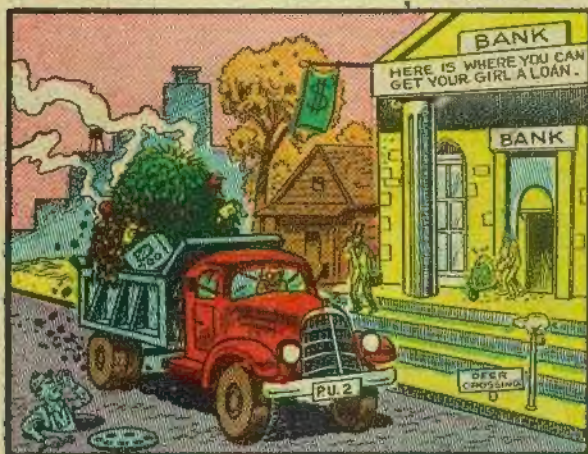
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND IT!...**'HEAP'**,
STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THIS '**HEAP**' CAME A CROAK... THAT SOUNDED LIKE... '**PAPA!**'



...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS '**HEAP**'S' FATHER! AND
AS '**HEAP**' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN
CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED
TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO
THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!



THEN... LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS '**HEAP**'
SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND
SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!

ITS WORK WAS DONE! **IT** POURED OUT
THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE
HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND
DEAD CATS, **IT** GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK,
AND WAS GONE! **HEAP HAD STRUCK!**



BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENKEEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS...A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS- PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL ...



THEN...A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!



AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE! THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!



IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY GEORGE...THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN 'HEAP' CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!

AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP', AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

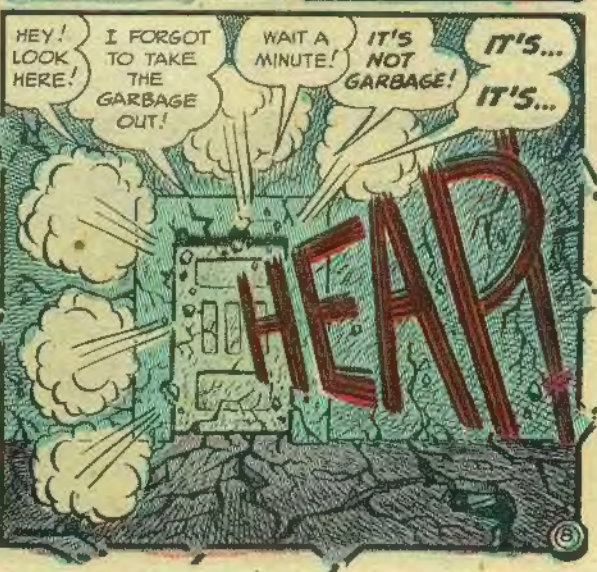
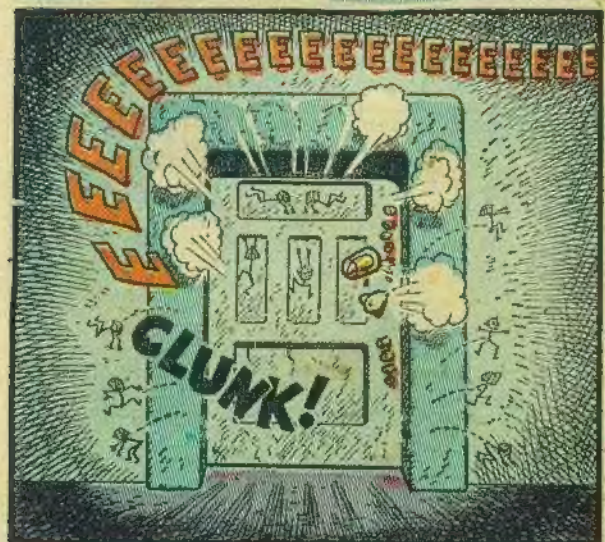
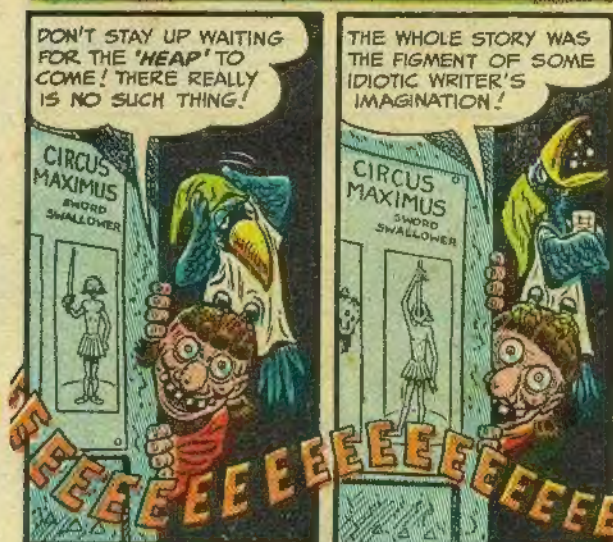
...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, 'HEAP' DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...



...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE IT WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

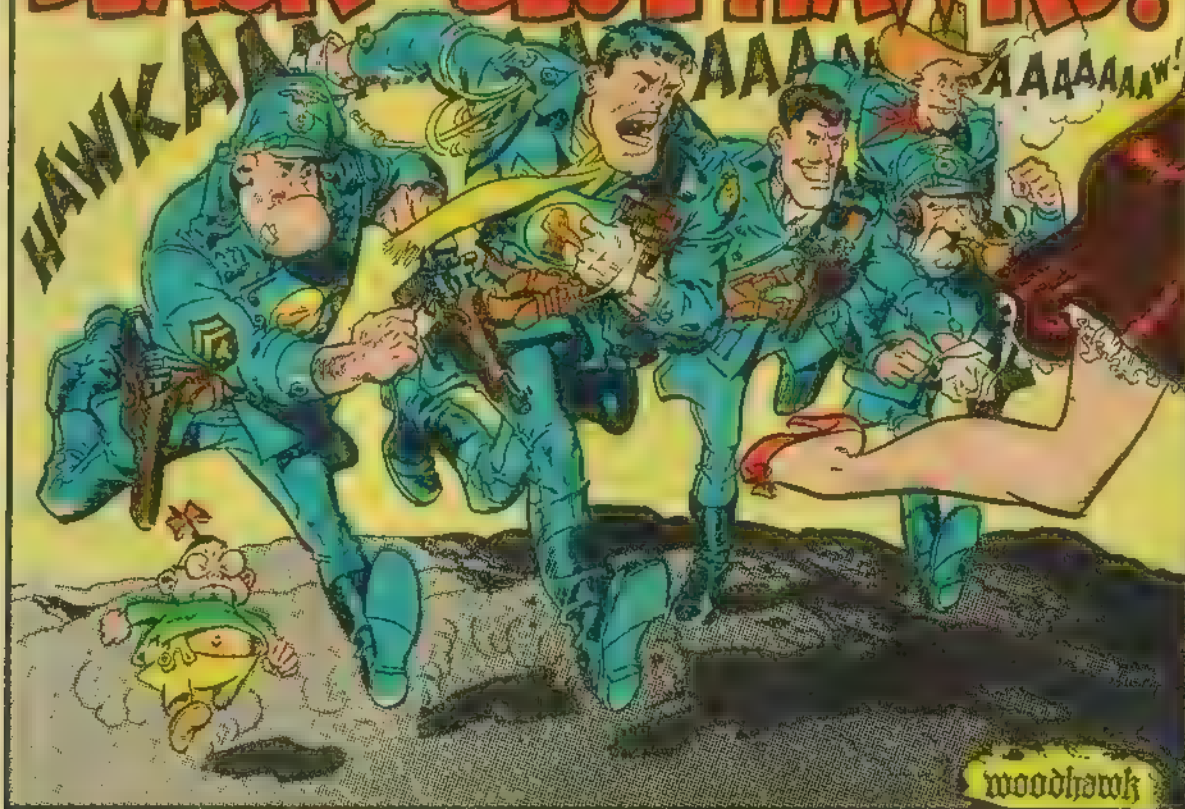
SOME SAY IT FOUND THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY TINY LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!



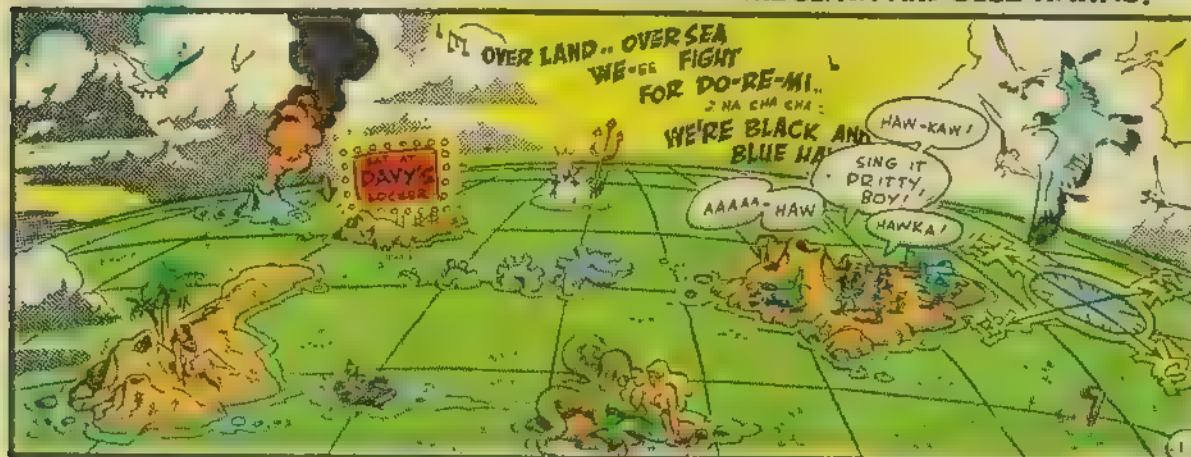


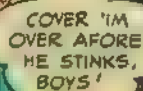
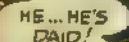
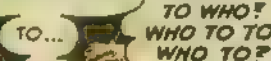
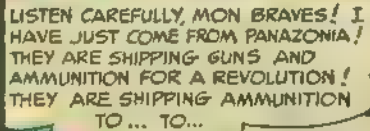
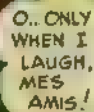
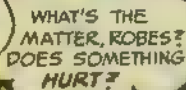
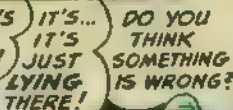
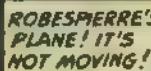
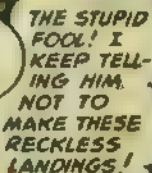
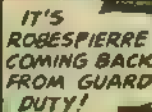
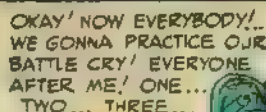
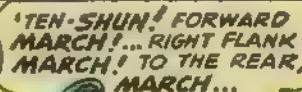
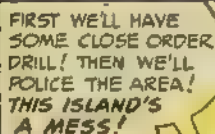
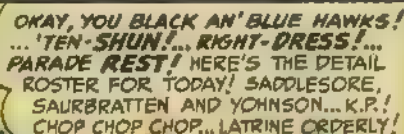
HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: 'SADDLESORE', SIX FOOT LANKY TEXAN, 'SAURBRATTEN'...WALRUS-MUSTACHED DUTCHMAN, 'ROBESPIERRE'...SUAVE PARISIEN FROM LA BELLE FRANCE, 'BOSS HAWK', LEADER OF THE GANG, 'YOHNNY YOHNNSON', FIGHTING SWEDE, AND 'CHOP CHOP CHOP'...CAMP FOLLOWER! ALL MEN OF PEP, YIM AND VIGOR, SNAP CRACKLE AND POP... ALL...

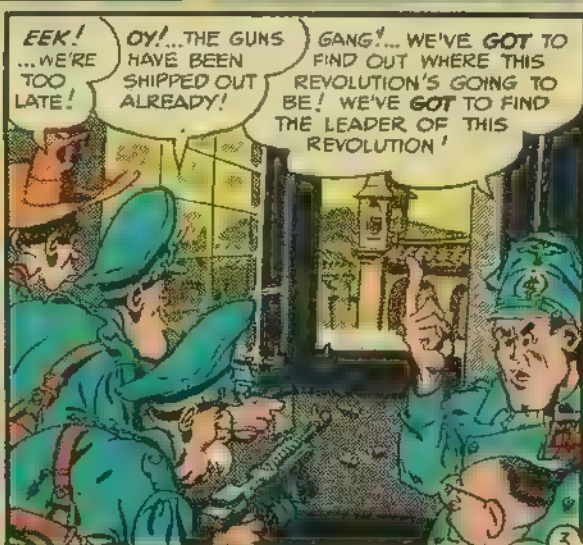
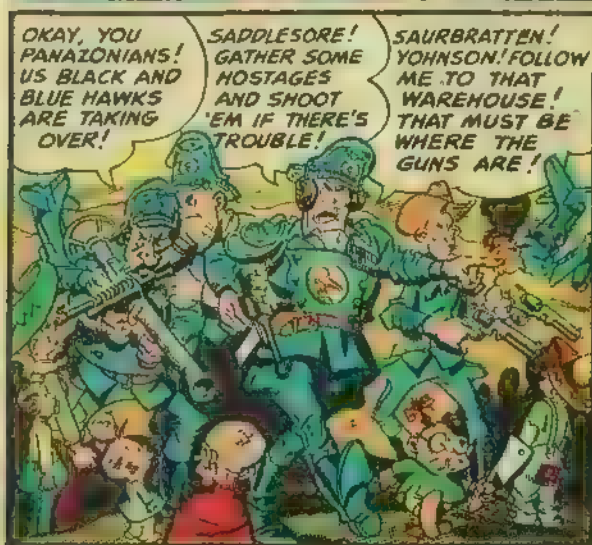
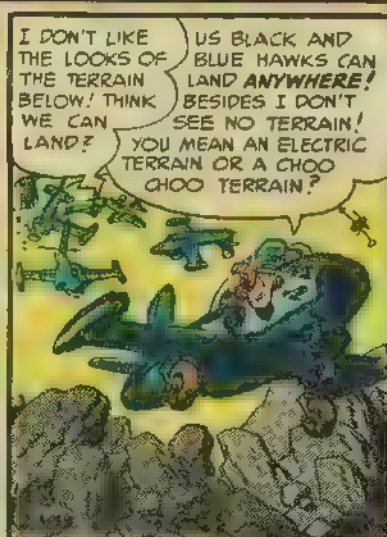
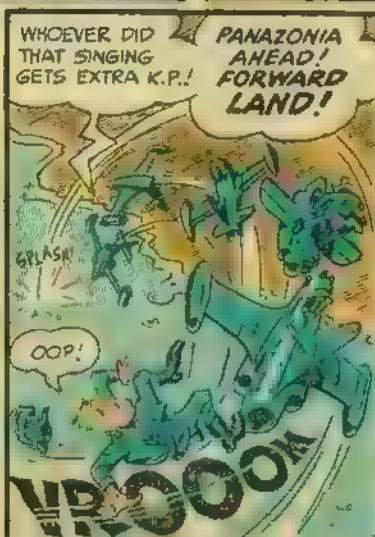
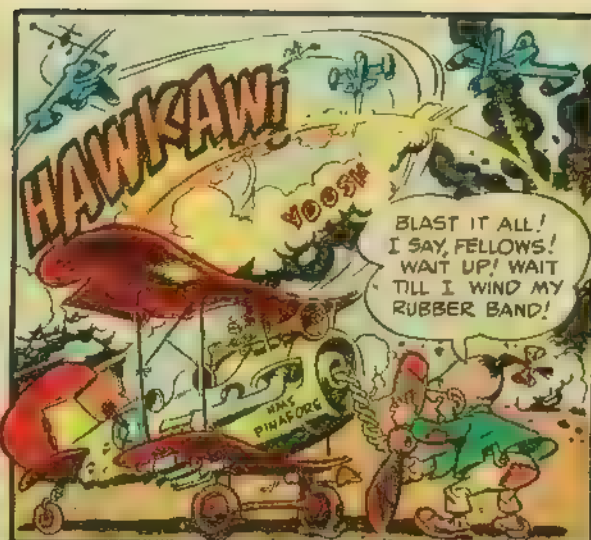
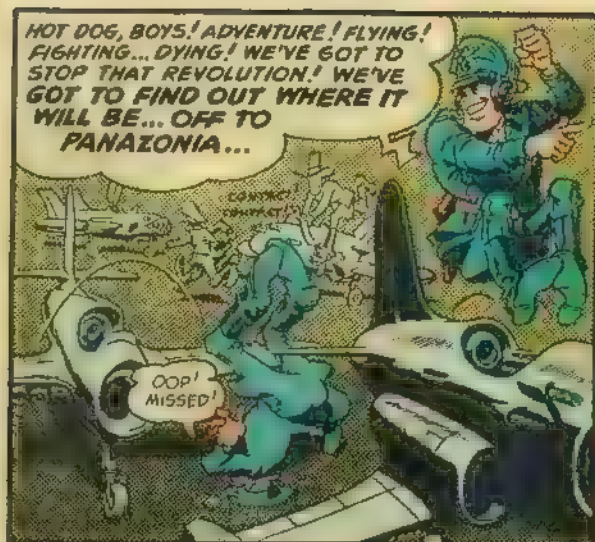
BLACK and BLUE HAWKS!

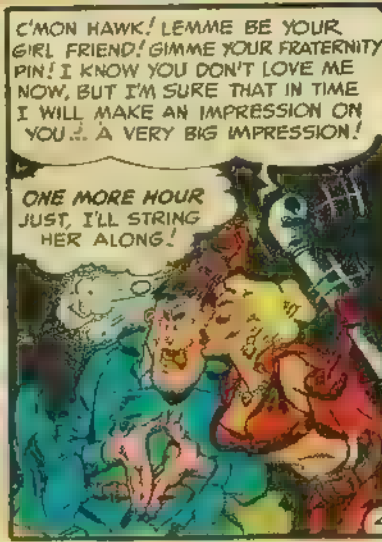
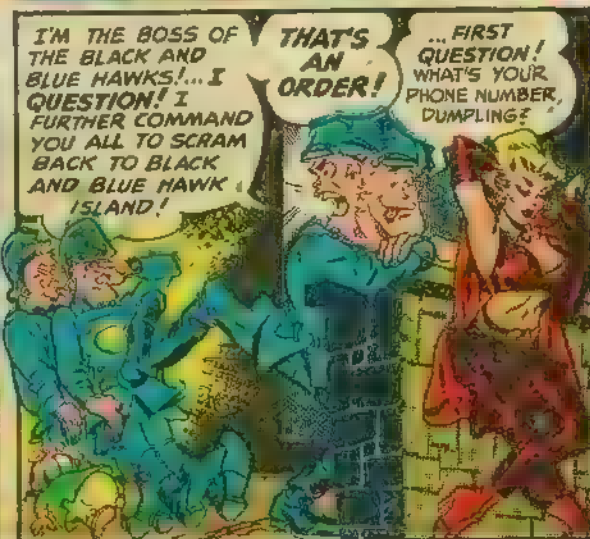
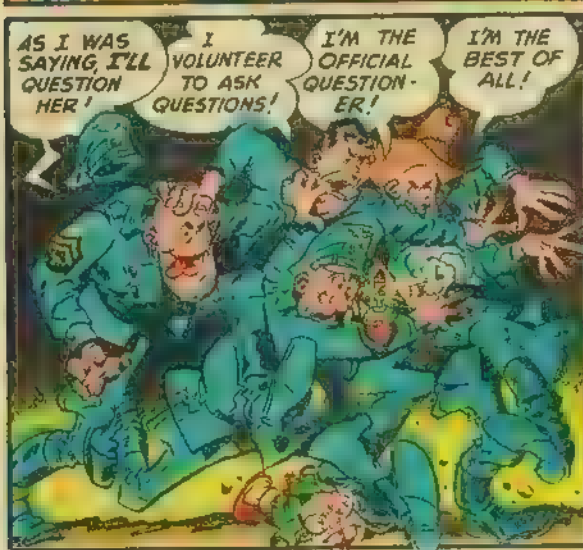
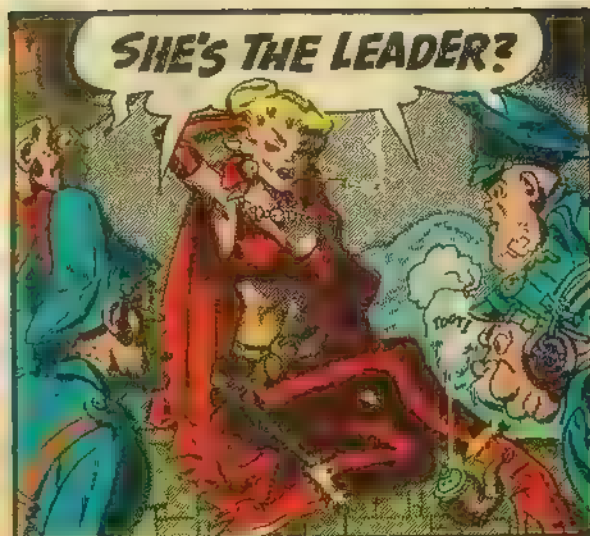


YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... **FLYING, FLYING, DYING** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! COME ...TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE ... ADVENTURE, LONGITUDE... **DANGER!** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE ROOST OF... THE COOP OF... **THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!**







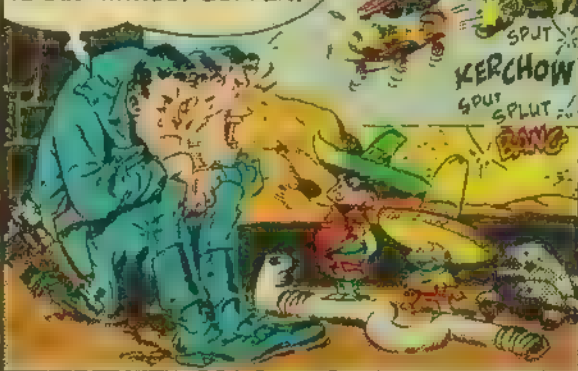


OKAY, BABE! ENOUGH
STALLING... TALK! WHERE'S
THAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE?
CAHMON! YOUR GOOD
LOOKS DON'T FOOL
ME ONE BIT!

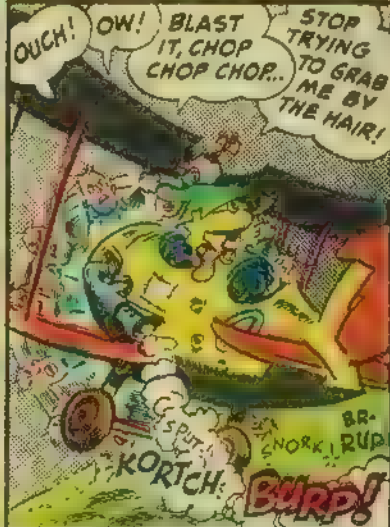
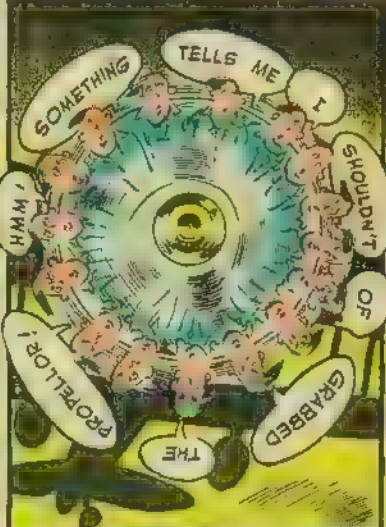
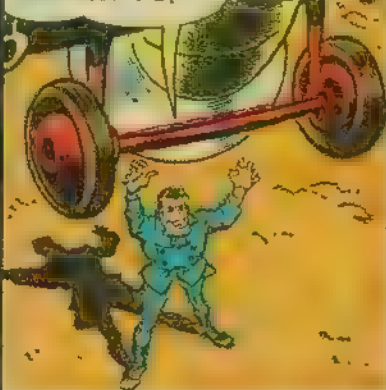


FIRST SHE HITS ME ON THE
HEAD... THEN SHE STEALS MY
AIRPLANE! I... I GUESS I'M A
FAILURE! THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY OUT... THE RIVER?... THE
GASPIPE? I KNOW... I'LL GO
TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER!

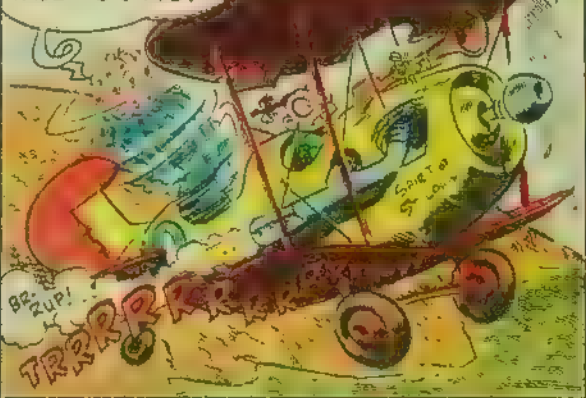
HEY!... UP THERE
IN THE SKY...



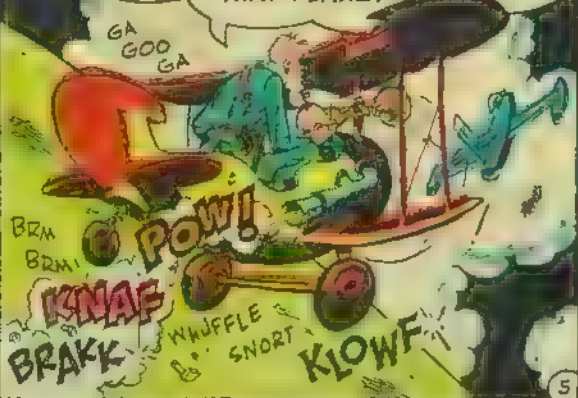
IT'S GOOD OLD, GREAT OLD, GOOD
OLD GREAT. GOOD... CHOP CHOP
CHOP!... I'LL JUST GRAB ONTO THE
PLANE AS SHE GOES BY, LIKE US
BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS
USUALLY DO!



PHEW! FINALLY MADE
IT BACK TO THE COCKPIT!
GOOD WORK, CHOP CHOP
CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU
GET A THREE DAY
PASS FOR THIS!



ANYHOW... WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE REVOLUTION
BACK TO WORK! ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US
ABOUT! ONLY TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T
KNOW WHERE REVOLUTION IS! THAT GIRL
KNOWS WHERE REVOLUTION IS! FOLLOW
THAT PLANE!



WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN!
OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A
PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES,
ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!

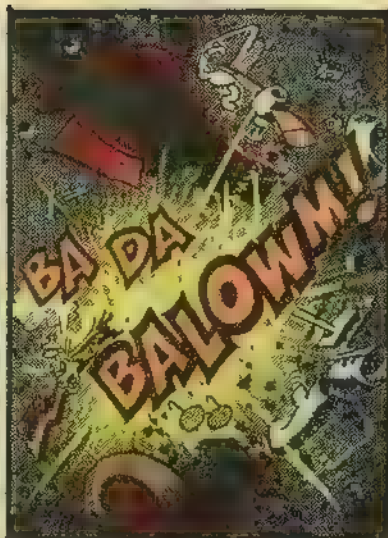
BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFER-
ENT! STAND BACK WHILE
I BLAST 'ER!



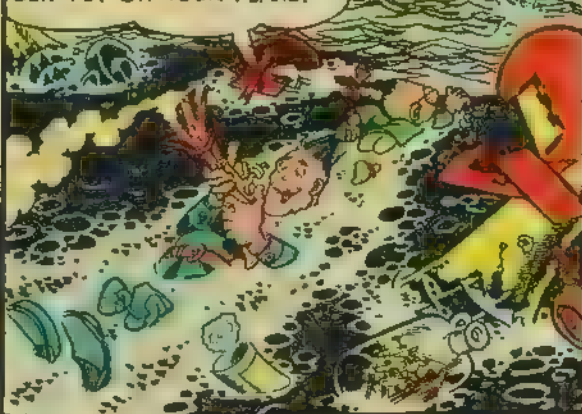
I SAY, CHOP
CHOP CHOP!
DIDN'T WE EVER
GET AROUND TO
GIVING YOU A
BLACK AND BLUE
HAWK AIRPLANE
JET, M-1, YET?



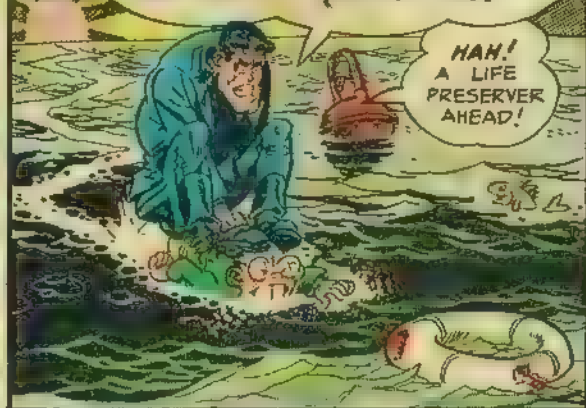
OKAY!
STAND BACK
NOW! THIS
GUN IS
READY...
AIM...
FIRE!



GOOD OL' GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP
CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A
FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO
HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-
GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!

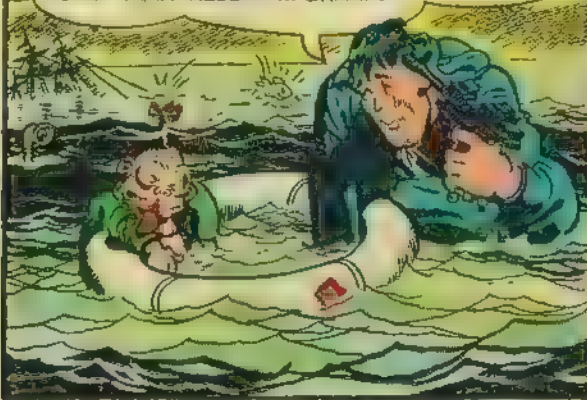


WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE!
CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOPF! YOU'RE
GETTING MY BOOTS WET!

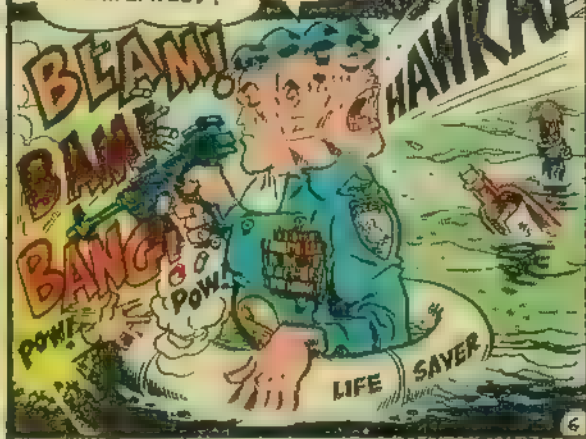


HAH!
A LIFE
PRESERVER
AHEAD!

SNIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH
FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF...
TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS
MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO
GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...



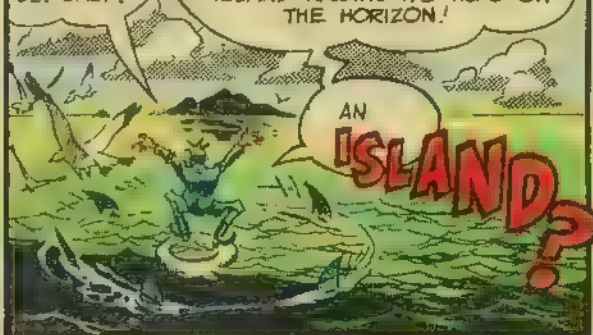
SO I'M GIVING YOU THE
WORKS, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER
ALL... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR
ME... LATELY?



GASP!... I'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR DAYS!... GASP! NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE! GASP!

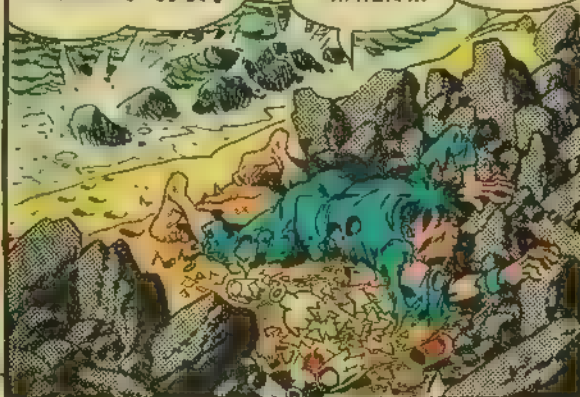
I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T LAST ANOTHER DAY!... GASP! IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL A DAY TO D...D...DIE!... GASP! WHAT A VIEW!... GASP! A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING SEA, LOVELY BLUE SKY FLECKED WITH FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS, AND A TINY TROPICAL ISLAND RAISING ITS HEAD ON THE HORIZON!

AN ISLAND?



I MADE IT! I MADE IT TO THIS ISLAND! YAY!

UGH!... BUT I'M WEAK! I-I'M GETTING WEAKER! MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST!... WHAT I NEED TO BRING MY STRENGTH BACK IS FOOD... WATER...



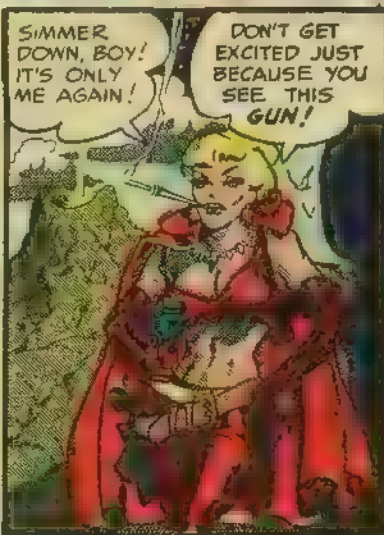
... WATER... FOOD... FOOD... WATER! GOTTA GET STRENGTH BACK... JUST NEED SOME WATER... FOOD... WATER...

HUH!

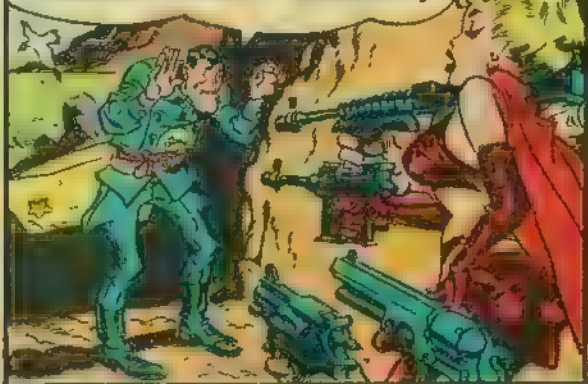


SIMMER DOWN, BOY! IT'S ONLY ME AGAIN!

DON'T GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE YOU SEE THIS GUN!



WAIT! BEFORE YOU KILL ME... WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME ONE THING! WHERE, OH WHERE, ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE THAT REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT? WHERE? WHERE WHERE? WHERE?



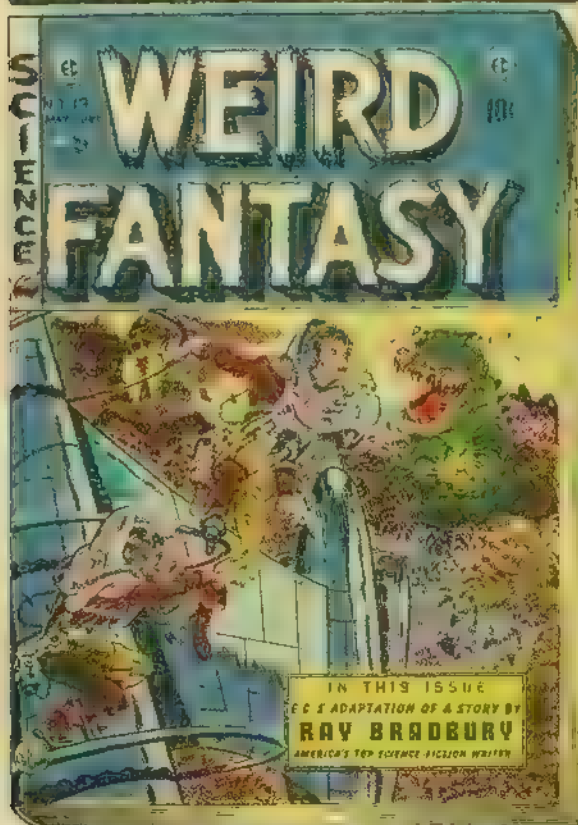
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, HAWK HONEY! IT WAS RIGHT HERE! AND THE REVOLUTION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

... OH YES! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT... THIS PLACE GOES BY NAME OF BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!

BYE!



**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**

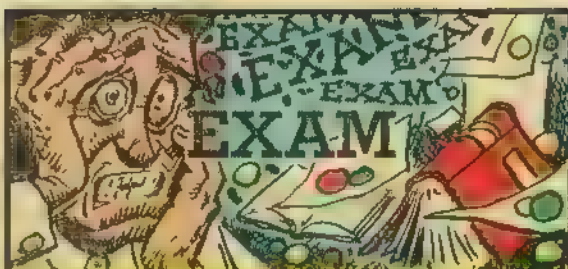


**LOOK FOR
THESE SEALS
WHEN YOU BUY!**

**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT FOUND ONLY ON
THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES.**

**TALES FROM THE CRYPT
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES**

**TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR**



Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:

Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becomingly clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.

6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.

6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.

6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.

6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation.

7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.

7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.

7:20—Departed, slamming door.

7:25—Sneered at traffic cop

7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.

7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.

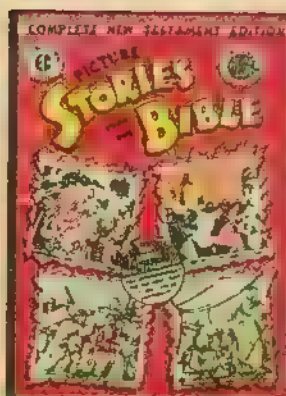
7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it

7:51—Opened Physics book.

7:52—Closed Physics book.
 8:10—Left train regretfully.
 8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
 8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
 8:35—Smoked.
 8:40—Looked at watch.
 8:41—Asked friend the time
 8:42—Wondered what time it was.
 8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
 8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear
 8:48—Began to tremble
 8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
 8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
 8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
 9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
 9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
 9:05—Coughed.
 9:07—Began examination.
 9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
 10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
 10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
 11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
 11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
 11:33—Boarded train.
 11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem
 11:50—Inspected fingernails.

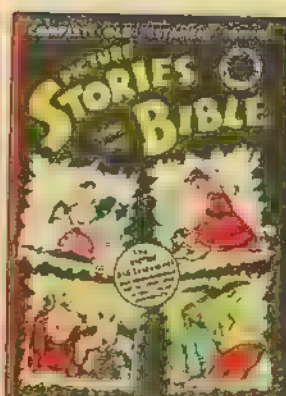
P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
 12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
 12:23—Coughed.



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MAD MUMBLINGS

We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . AND WE MEANT IT! Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: "... as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

. . . I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

. . . When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

. . . I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

. . . Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy (no address given) (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

. . . Mad is real cool. It's real trampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Satter—North Wales, Pa.

. . . I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

. . . I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

. . . I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

(1)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged

Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

. . . I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie, Pa.

. . . I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charle!—ed

. . . What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical, subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Drazen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

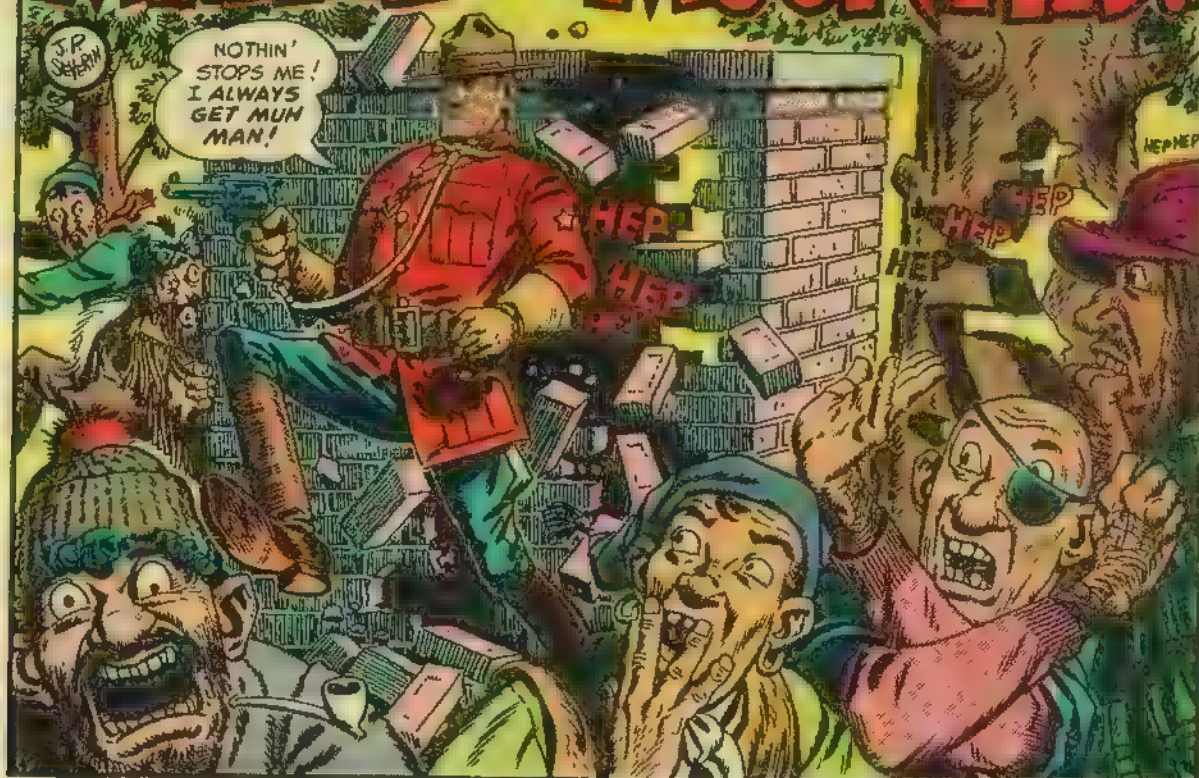
O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblem!—ed

AND NOT ONLY IS MAD CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD, IT'S ROUNDER, FIRMER, MORE FULLY PACKED . . . SO FREE AND EASY ON THE GUFFAW! Well, please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues . . . full year's supply!) is.

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO... RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE! BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! YES... YOU GUESSED IT...

MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!

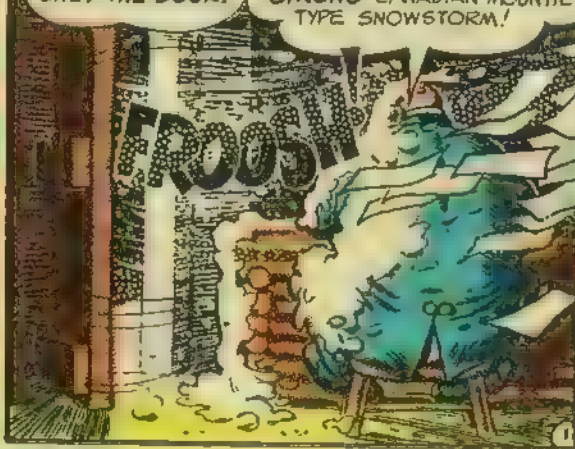


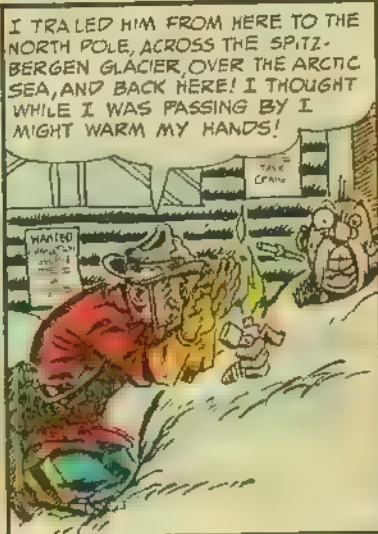
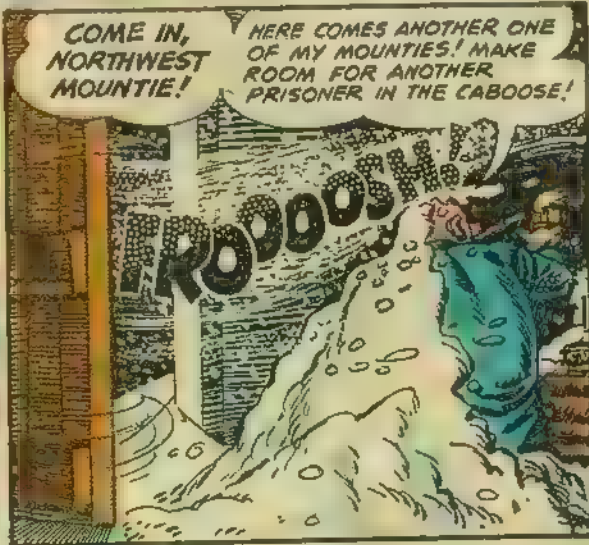
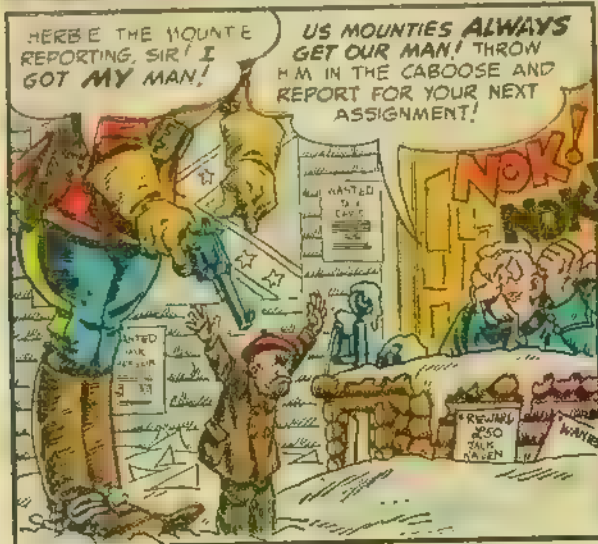
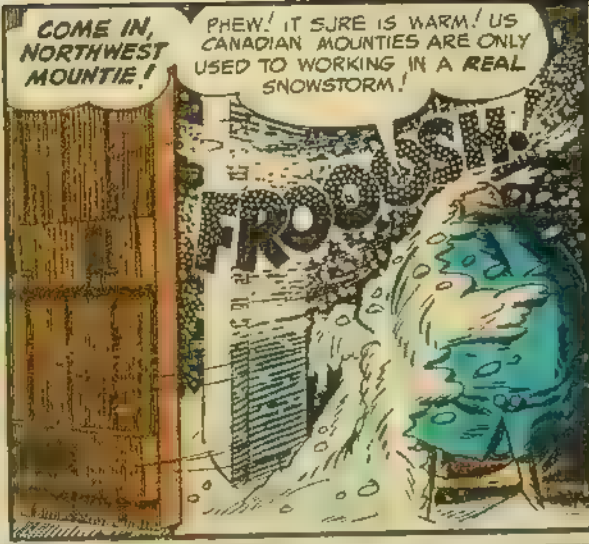
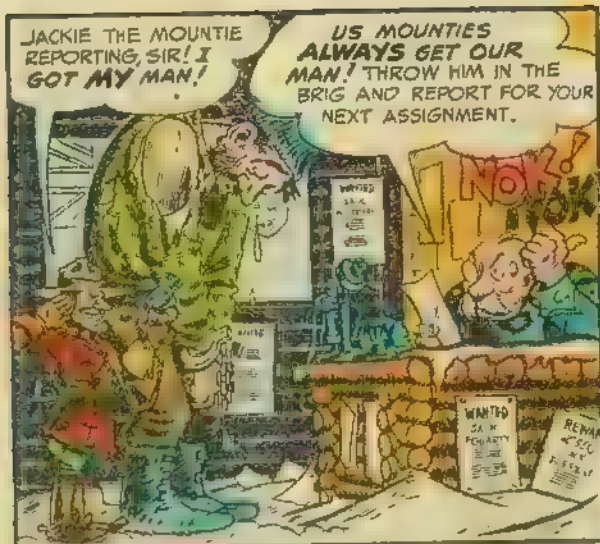
OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!

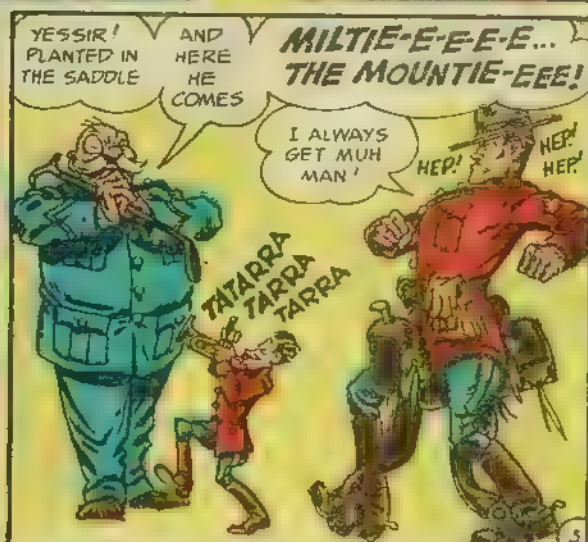
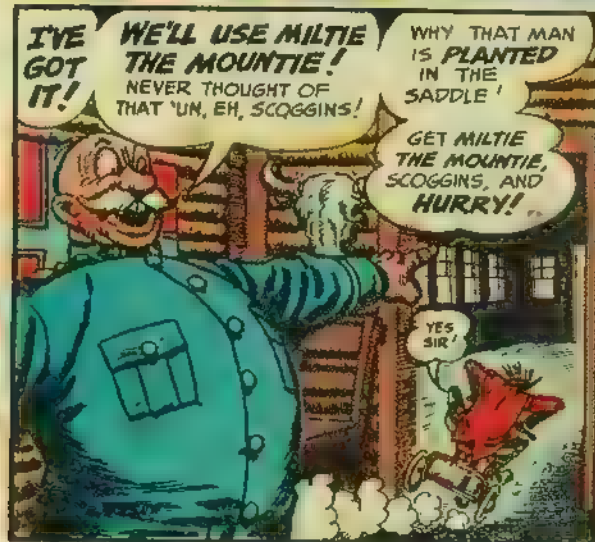
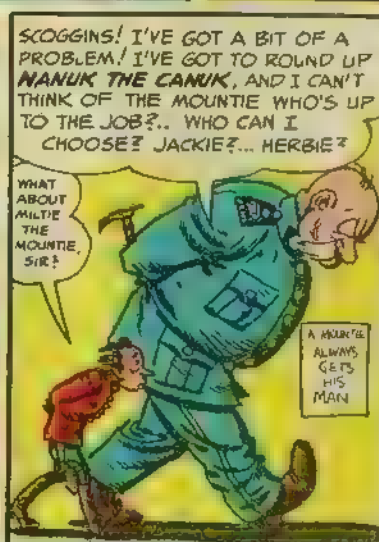
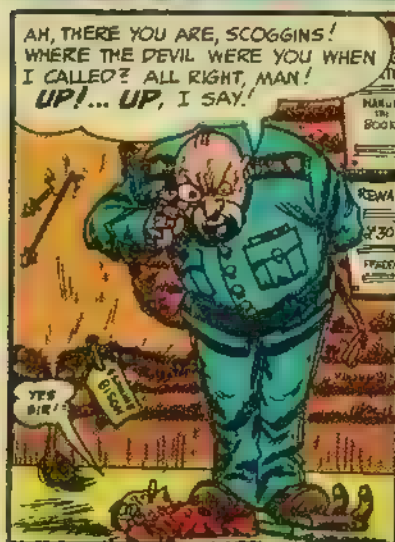
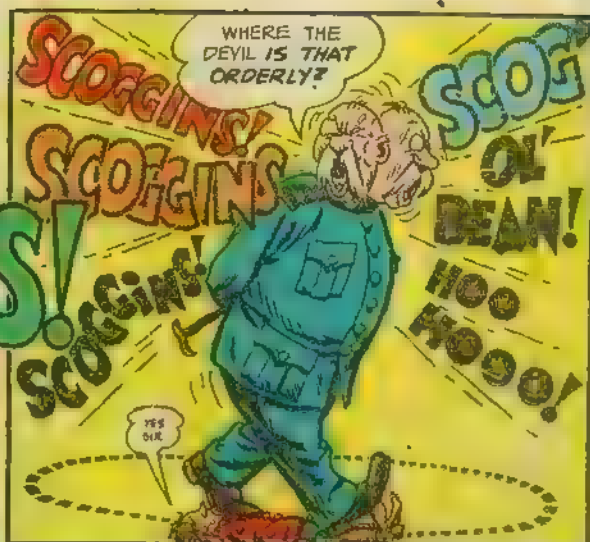


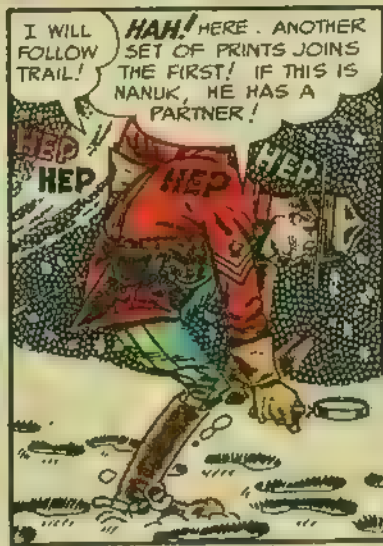
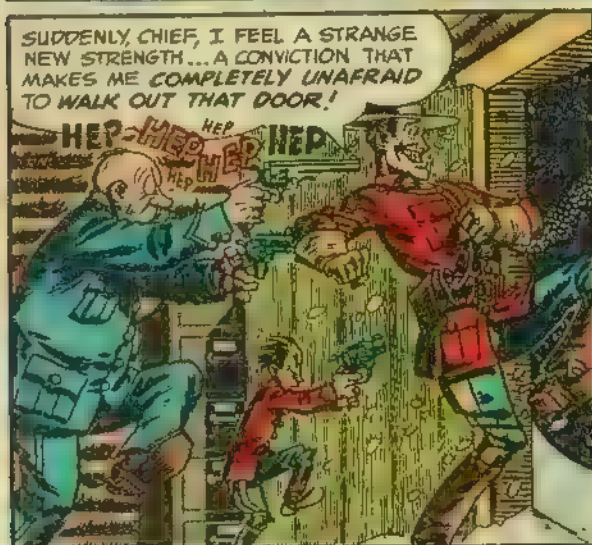
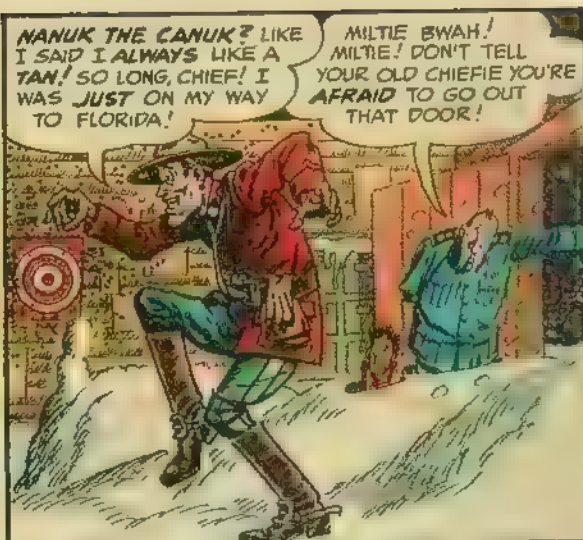
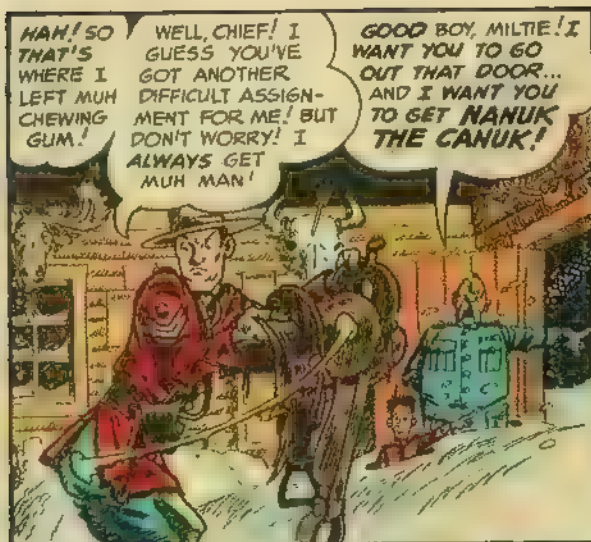
COME IN, NORTHWEST MOUNTIE, AND SHUT THE DOOR!

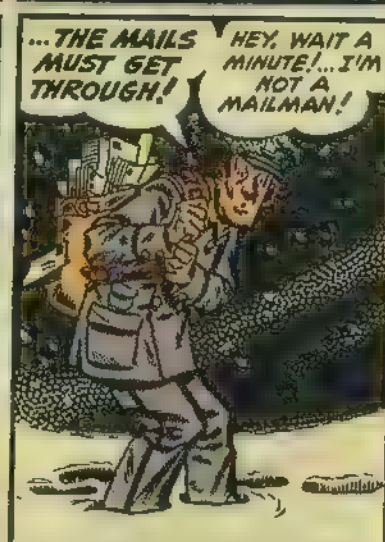
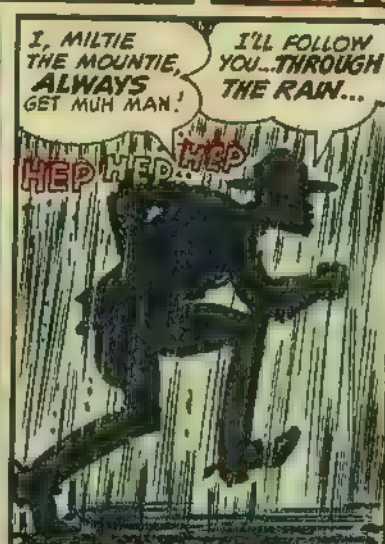
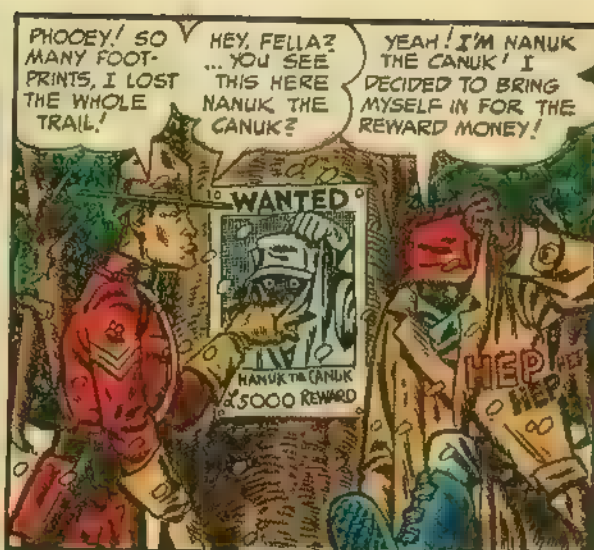
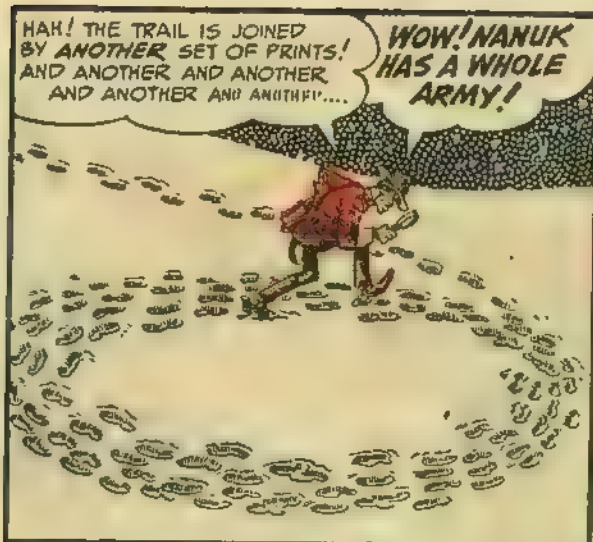
I SEE WE'RE HAVING A MILD DAY OUT! THANK HEAVEN WE AREN'T HAVING A REAL STRONG CANADIAN MOUNTIE TYPE SNOWSTORM!

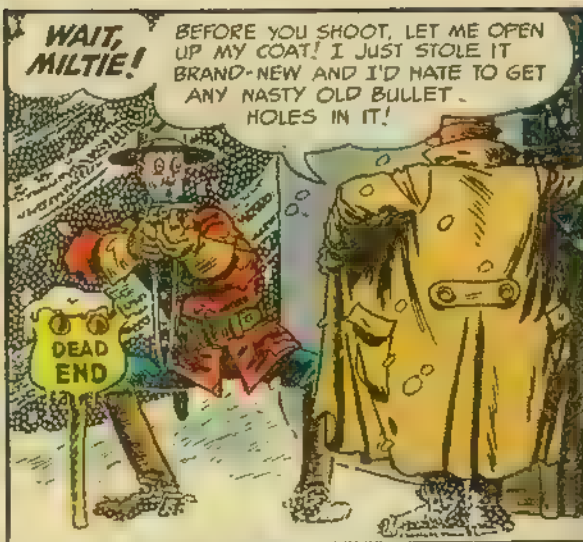
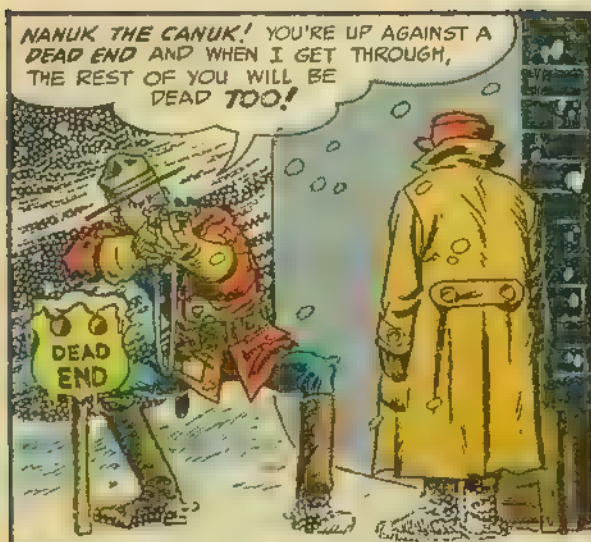








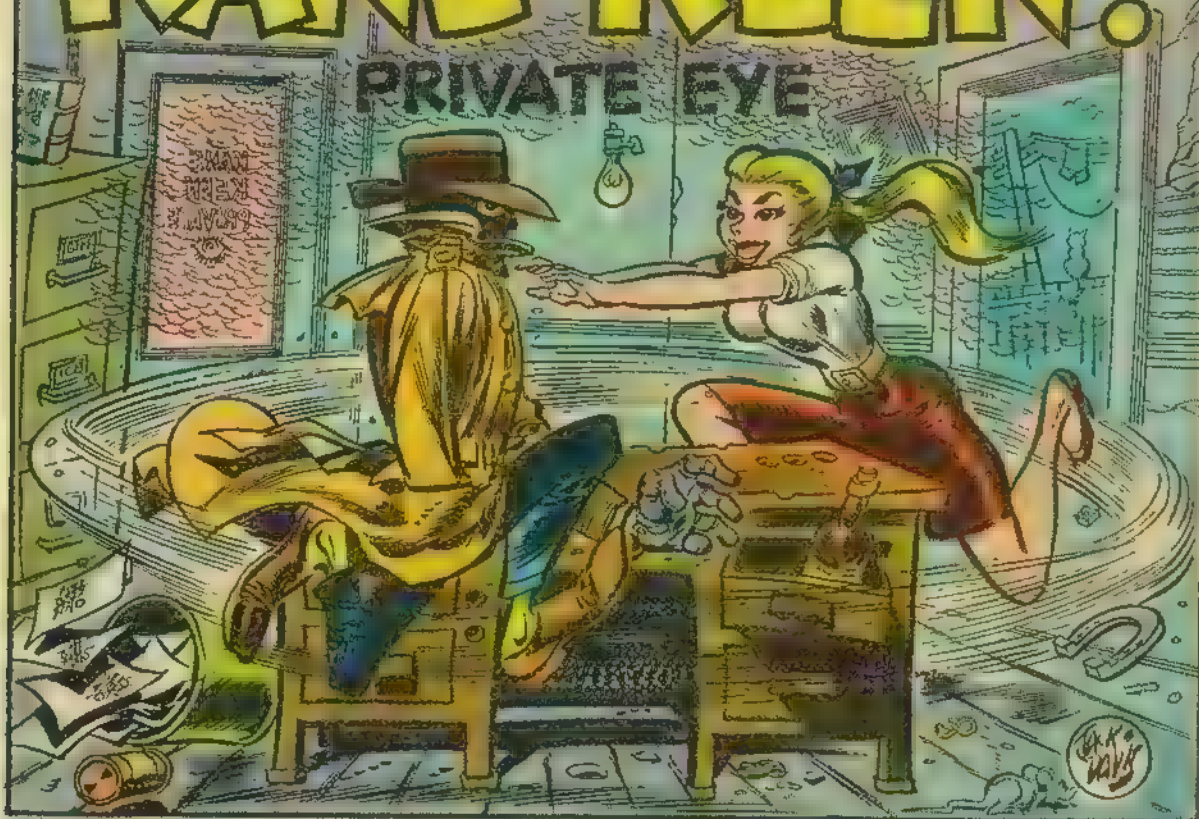




CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM... AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS...

KANE KEEN!

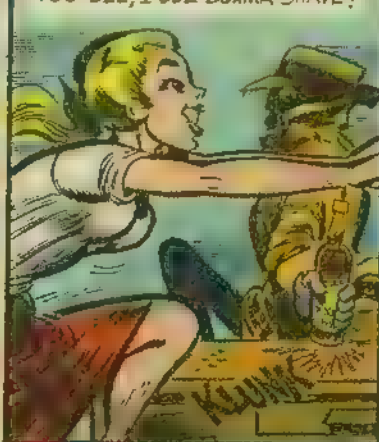
PRIVATE EYE



YEAH . THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!

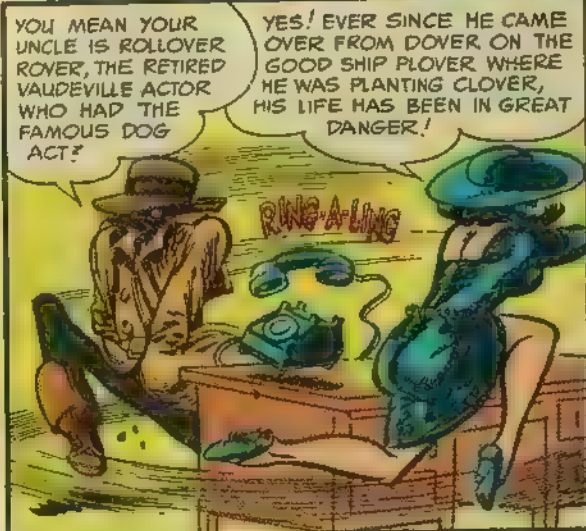
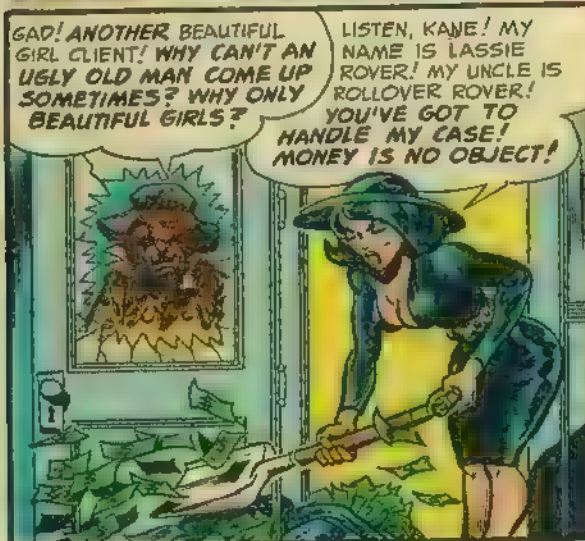
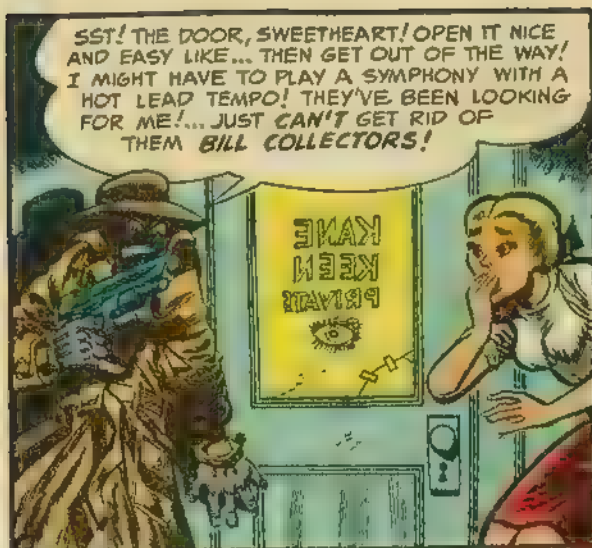


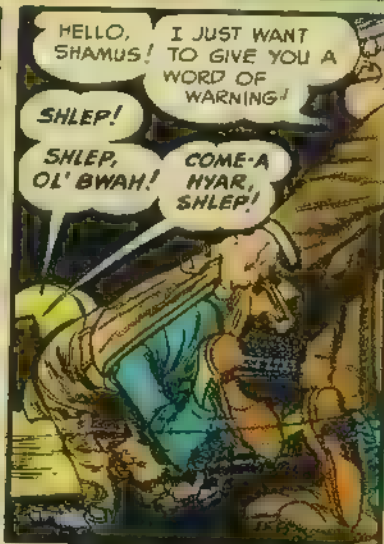
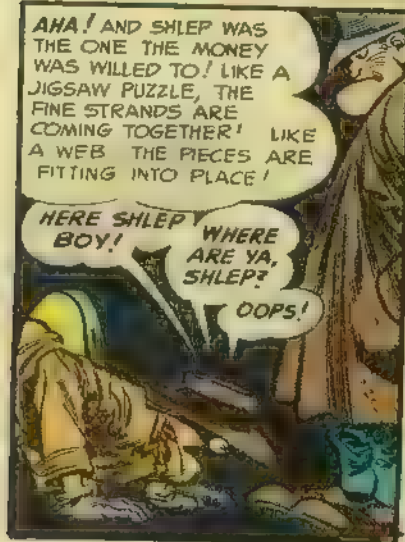
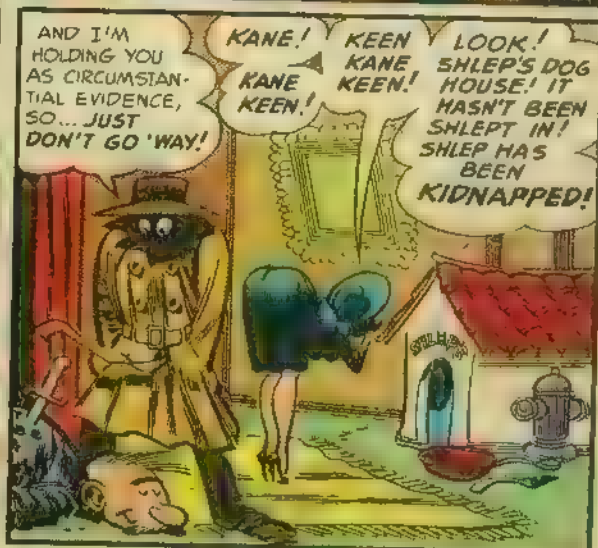
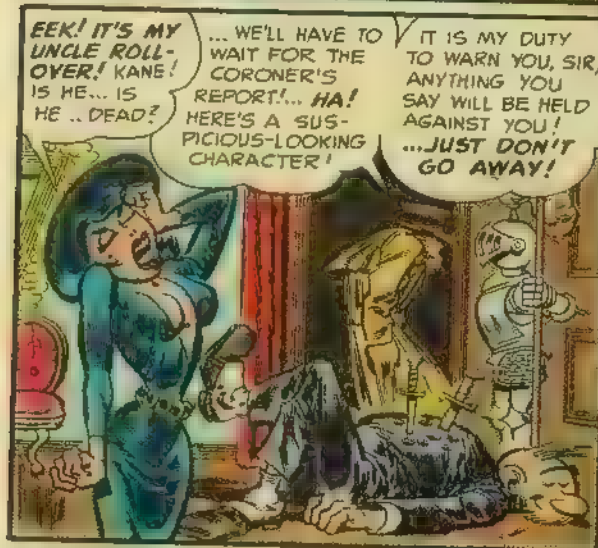
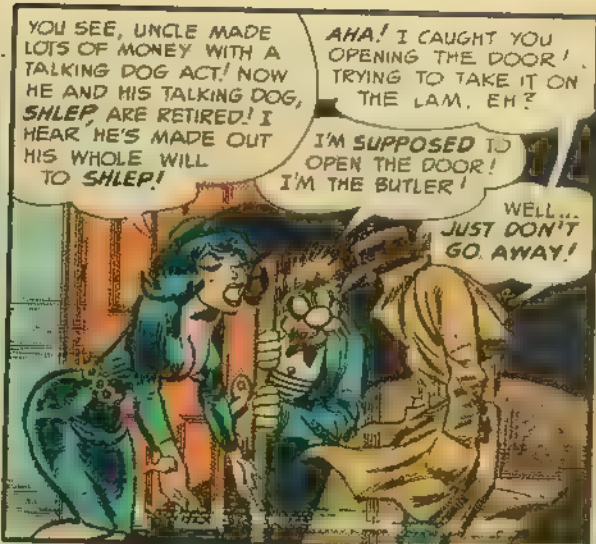
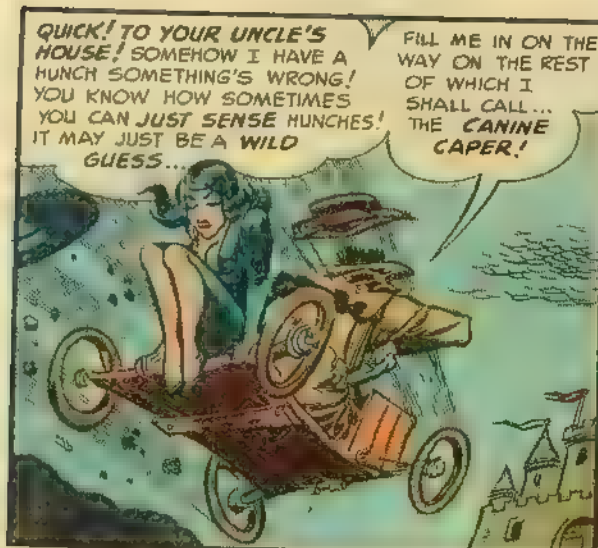
THAT'S ME . KANE KEEN! THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTABLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAVE!



AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ... HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!





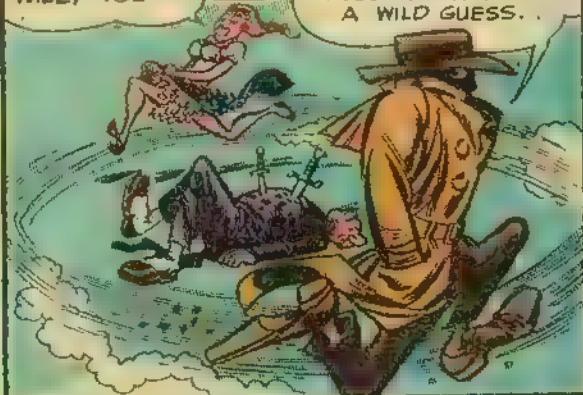


A SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND RIVETING MACHINES
RIVETED ON A RIVET THAT WAS MY HEAD!
WHEN I OPENED MY EYES... SHE STOOD
THERE, SPRINKLING WATER ON MY BROW...



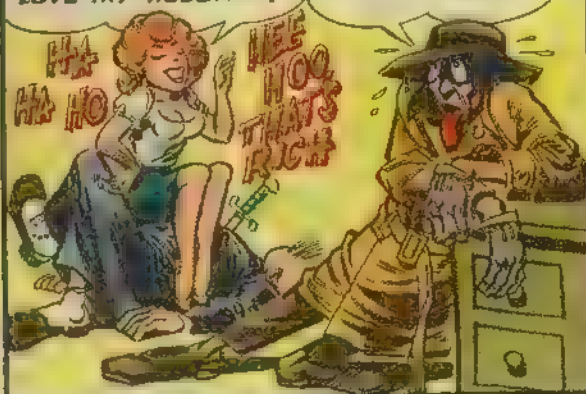
OH KANE! I AM ROLLOVER'S
WIFE! WHEN I HEARD
WHAT HAPPENED, I RAN
RIGHT OVER!... YOU SEE...
I'M JUST DYING TO
MEET YOU!

ROLLOVER'S
WIFE, EH?... SOME-
HOW I HAVE A
HUNCH THAT YOU
DIDN'T LOVE YOUR
HUSBAND! IT MAY BE
A WILD GUESS.



OOH... HAHHAHA!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS,
KANE! WHATEVER
GAVE YOU THE SILLY
NOTION THAT I DIDN'T
LOVE MY HUSBAND?

(PUFF, PUFF) JUST A
HUNCH! (PUFF) SOME-
TIMES YOU FOLLOW A
HUNCH (PUFF, PUFF)
AND IT BLOWS UP
IN YOUR FACE!

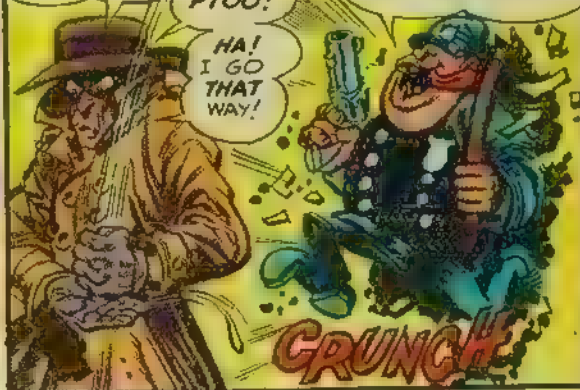


NOW TO USE SOME
COLD AND CALCULATING
REASONING TO DEDUCT
WHAT DIRECTION I SHALL
TAKE NEXT!

ALL RIGHT,
EVERYONE!
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE! OPEN
UP IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW!

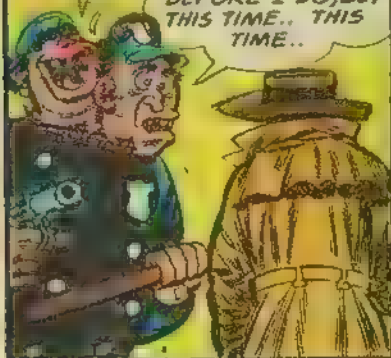
PTOO!

HA!
I GO
THAT
WAY!



I HEARD
THERE WAS
A MURDER
HERE AND
I RUSHED
RIGHT OVER!

I RUSHED BECAUSE
I WANTED TO BEAT
THAT PRIVATE
EYE NAMED KANE
KEEN! HE
ALWAYS GETS TO
THE MURDER
BEFORE I DO, BUT
THIS TIME... THIS
TIME...



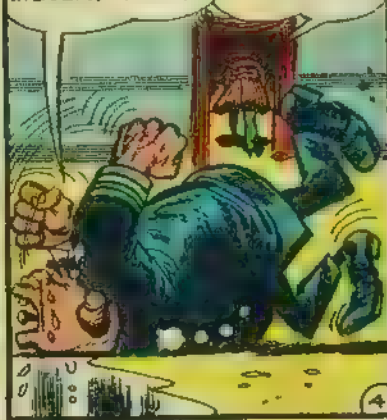
KANE KEEN,
PRIVATE EYE!
YOU DID IT
AGAIN! YOU
BEAT ME TO
THE MURDER!

STUPID FOOL!
SHVIENHUNT,
POLICEMAN!
GET OUT OF
MY WAY!

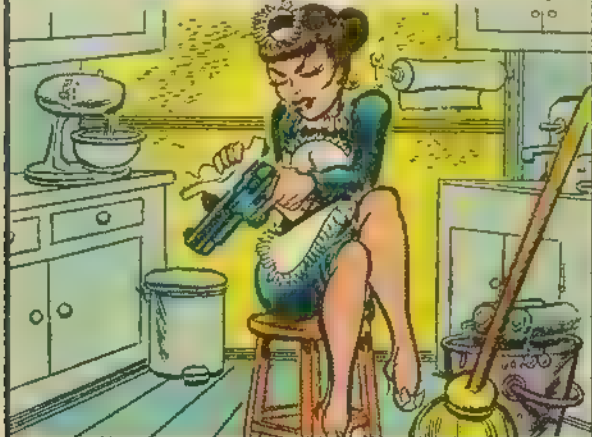


WAAH! EVERY
TIME THERE'S
A MURDER... HE
COMES FIRST!
...EVERY TIME!

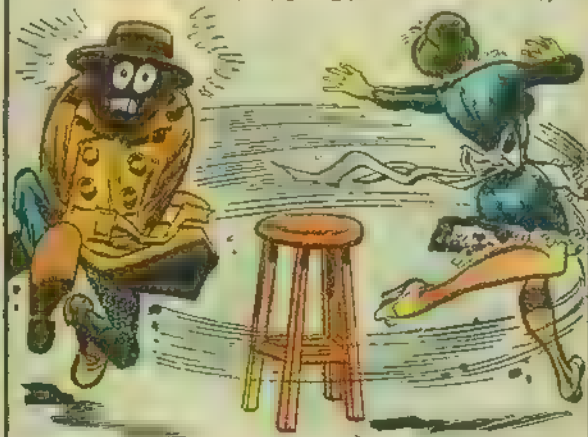
DUMKOPF!
AND KEEP
OUTTA MY
WAY OR I'LL
CALL A COP!



I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIR OF SLOP!



IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY, THEN RAN NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE MURDER WEAPON!



OOPS! YOU AGAIN!

HEY, SHLEP!

HEY, BWAH!

SHLEPPY!



SHAMUS! ARE YOU STILL ON THIS CASE!

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE SECOND TIME...KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!

WHO CASE? WHAT CASE? WHERE...

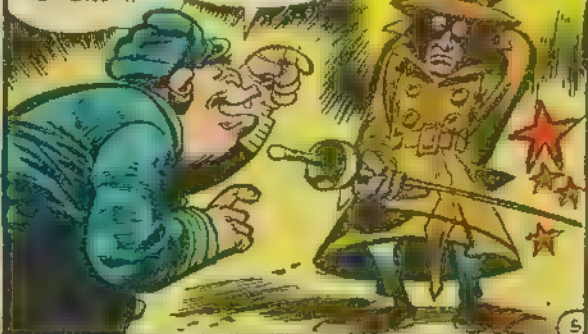


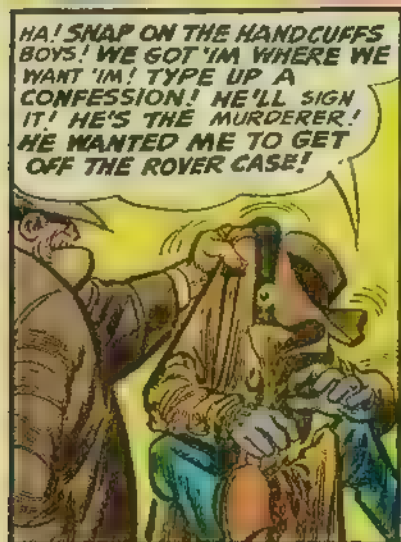
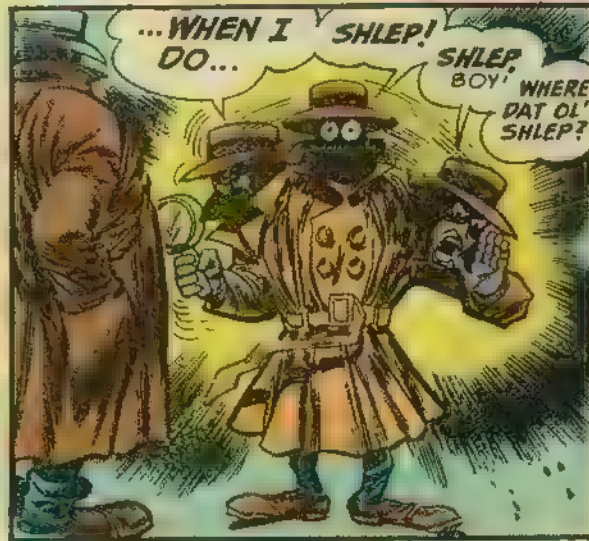
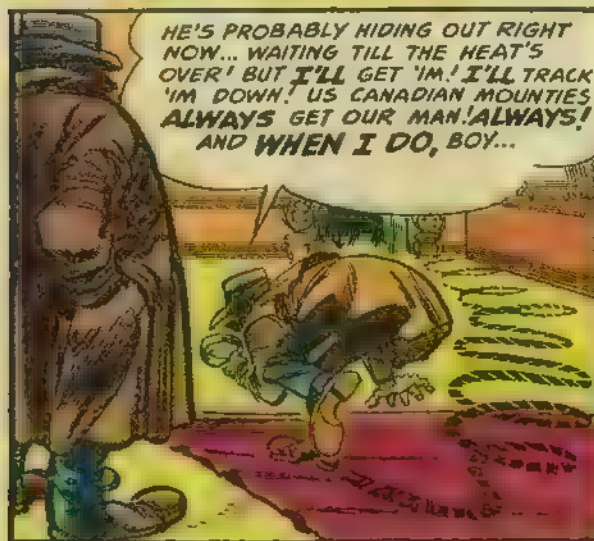
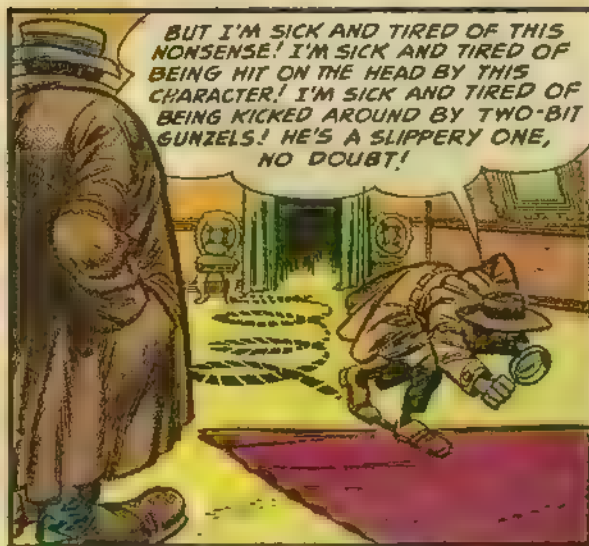
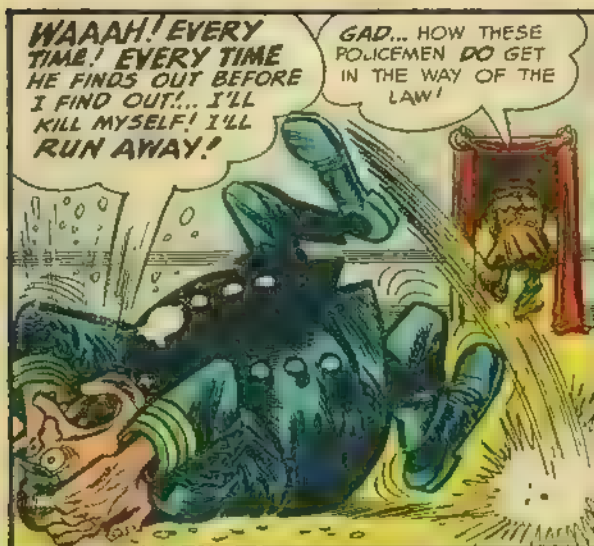
A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!

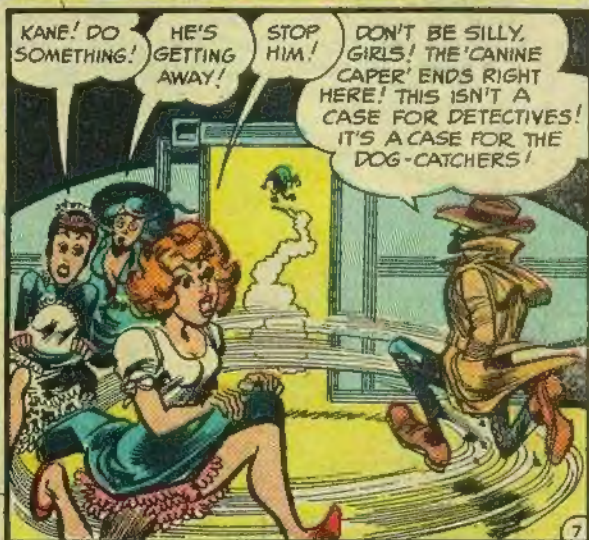


HAH, KANE KEEN! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT SO SMART! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU I FOUND OUT WHAT THE MURDER WEAPON WAS BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT! BY TEDIOUS DEDUCTION I KNOW IT WAS CAUSED BY A LONG THIN SWORD..

YOU MEAN AN ÉPÉE, A DUELING SWORD LIKE THIS?







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Mother of Pearl

No. 410. Handsome gentleman's ring with genuine Mother of Pearl from the seven seas, set on top. Has 3 Flaming Pseudo Diamonds. Electro Gold Plated. Perfect ring to make a lasting impression. Gets compliments from all. Looks like \$500. Yours for only

3.29



Skull & X-Bones EYES FLASH WEIRDLY!

No. 314. Amazing! Weir shaped, perfect miniature of skull and cross bones. 2 Pseudo RUBIES flash in semi darkness. Watch everyone's amazement when they spot this ring on your hand! Electro Gold Plated, only

1.95

A SECRET for YOU

Why wear costly AFRICAN Diamonds? Make a big impression with these brilliant European PSEUDO Diamonds. Used even by millionaires to protect their jewels against burglars! Not cheap plastic! Artistically made to look like genuine diamonds. Wear with confidence! Your friends won't know your secret! Your jeweler can tell the difference, but can YOU? Now you too can own a beautiful Pseudo Diamond Ring at an unbelievably low price! Take your pick—try it out risk for 5 days. Full price back if not delighted! Act fast! Rush coupon!



The "Champion"

No. 405. Super special quality—SURE WINNER! Positively amazing. A real massive, manly, master-piece of Electro Gold Plating. Glistening, BIG pseudo Diamond in center, attractively flanked by 2 others. An eye-catcher! Only

4.95



U.S. Army Ring

No. 399. Show your colors, men! Extra HEAVY! Has genuine symbol of U. S. Army with a simulated RUBY in the center. U. S. Flag & Eagle embossed in High Relief. Deluxe quality. Rich gold color. The gift of a Lifetime for veterans, soldiers. Special price

2.95

SEND NO MONEY!



"Yours Alone"

No. 304. Exquisite Wedding Set. Square and round Pseudo Diamonds. Rich gold color. Full set only

4.95



Double Cluster

No. 306. Enchanting! 20 small Pseudo Diamonds from Europe set in clusters. Very feminine. NOW yours, only

2.95



Royal Peacock

No. 331. Glamorous Electro Gold Plated with 15 Rainbow colored pseudo brilliants, green, red, blue and white. Super value!

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5 DAY TRIAL!



"Flaming Love" Set

No. 404. A wedding set of exquisite beauty. Luscious in White or Yellow gold color. Very well made. A real bargain at only

4.95



Loyale Wedding Set

No. 396. 10 glistening Pseudo Diamonds to resemble diamonds. Compare with wedding ring sets selling for twice as much! She'll love 'em as they sparkle brightly on her hand! Set

2.94

INITIAL RING
...for men...
...it expresses your personality...
No. 401. Something SPECIAL for men! Personalized with your own INITIAL in RAISED GOLD COLOR EFFECT in a sparkling Vermilion. Firmly set in a sparkling Vermilion. Red sparkling Pseudo Diamonds. Richly flanked with 2 Pseudo Diamonds from Europe. Remember these are HOT plastic stones. They sparkle with 1000 rays of light! Looks like \$450. Special only

2.95

Surprise your friends!

AMAZING PSEUDO DIAMONDS

made by European Craftsmen

* Fiery Colors! * Crystal-Clear!

* Sparkling Facets!

Thrill your friends with these fiery sparklers! Made in Europe by clever craftsmen to resemble costly African Diamonds! Not cheap plastic stones! Pseudo Diamonds are DIFFERENT! Full of fire and brilliance! Used by some wealthy people to protect their expensive jewels. Now YOU can own a burning Pseudo Diamond Ring for a few dollars! Choose yours now - enjoy at OUR risk! Mail coupon TODAY!

"ETERNAL LOVE"
Wedding Set
Real Quality!
No. 311. Gorgeous rings to cherish for a lifetime. Imagine - 12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe. Set in this beautiful GOLD COLOR, exquisitely designed. They sparkle and gleam on her hand. Look like \$750. You'll enjoy them forever! The set, complete in gift box.

4.89



Star Studded Ring for Men

No. 363. 3 GIANT Pseudo Diamonds—the ring of well-dressed men. Surprise friends and now the ladies with this triple sparkler. Setting is gleaming Electro Gold Plated. It's a KNOCKOUT! Only

3.67



BIG "S" for Big Men

No. 319. Extra-HEAVY ring with 5 Pseudo Diamonds of great brilliancy. Well finished in gleaming Gold Color. For a big impression, do wear this magnificent ring! Only

3.65



"Broadway" Tops with Men

No. 411. Ultra-Smart! Quality massive ring for men. Attractive Gold Color with two 1-karat Pseudo Diamonds sparkling with 1000 rays of light. What a BEAUTY! Only

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A delightful good will gift given with every order! SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman low price shown. Wear 5 days at our risk. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE - Full price back if not delighted! In any case, the GIFT is yours to keep! Act first!

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127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Write NUMBER, name & price of articles. Pay price to postman on delivery. No return for 100% Satisfaction. GUARANTEED or full price back quick! Send this paper strip to show ring size.

NUMBER ARTICLE PRICE

NAME ADDRESS

TOWN STATE

SAVE MORE - get more - by sending cash or money order with this coupon! We pay ALL fees and you

get 2 GIFTS instead of only one!

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-
ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY,**
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST,** my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you **5-ways**
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star **Tom Tyler** did. Like
champ **Roger Hirsch** did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail**
coupon **NOW!**

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a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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